

An Old Perennial

He has gone from this world
for many a day but his garden
lives on forever

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A Perennial

He has gone for the many a
day but his garden lives on
I see him everywhere.

On the very spot where his old
cottage stood there now stands
a splendid building of stone
and stone, modern and lovely
in time. I pass inside and
to, the walls seem to disappear
and around the roses with
narrower boundaries the
white washed walls of a
tiny room with a deep ledged
window. Contained in snow
white a geranium blooming
on the sill catches the
sunlight and makes the
blood red blossoms a bit
of burning beauty.

Knelling in the shaft of sunlight
is a figure with eyes closed
and face upturned; and such
a face, strong with the ~~old~~ ^{old} ~~strength~~ ^{of this} ~~the~~
~~which~~ ^{came} a voice deep as their ~~bars~~
is repeating lines from the Bible
held tightly in the old work-
worn hand - In my father's
house are many mansions
if it were not so I should have
told you, I go to prepare a place
for you that where I am ye
may be also

The prayer has ended I open
my eyes the new walls ~~have~~
risen around me but I
know that for me and for
all who heard that prayer
there will always be a
shrine in the centre of that

great room, a sort of periscope,
place of prayer ~~for~~ wall
who for a brief moment saw
the great heart and soul of
the old garden maker.

The garden has changed
but instead of the *Agave*
digitales and *Dalman*
in dignified array we

see ~~nothing~~. The crop of
Columbus and fat glove
and La. kapus in camp
over with watermelon & other
and radishes lettuce and
cress and we plant
again ^{in the same beds} a bouquet and
a salad of ~~the same~~
~~here~~

Changes are everywhere
~~everywhere~~ but the most

permanent thing in this old
garden is the invisible presence
of the old ^{pioneer} garden-maker.
There are things ^{spirit} ^{characters} he made
~~time~~ ^{which time} cannot ^{effect} ~~change~~
~~because~~ (they are greater
than time ~~time~~ because
they have the depth of
race ~~characters~~ and cannot
be ~~obliterated~~ ^{obliterated} out by time)
and so I smile as I hear
the new comer say: "Yes this
~~the~~ garden ~~is~~ just looks
like the boys +
I look at the boys with an
awakened interest and I
may be a second sight for
sure enough the old garden
maker is still yet so-called
by another name but the same
old person."

for I see again the old
Garden Maker coming down
the path and I hear again
the ~~deaf~~ Scotch voice in
welcome, and then I seem
to know as never before that
the old Garden maker is still
with us, has always been with
us. Those who did not know
him think this is the ^{garden} ~~garden~~
~~garden~~ but ^{to many who have long known the} it is still the
Garden of the old Personal.

"Love will find the way"

"Spit with spirit each meet closer are they than breathing
Warmer than hands or feet" - Alfred Tennyson

Scene I Twilight in Mrs Hawthorne's living room. Lonely
with flowering bulbs snugly furnished the (color
of orange and gray predominating - Mrs Hawthorne
a dainty, fragile old lady, over seventy in
a quaint, flowered silk dress with exquisite
lace at her throat and wrists is seated
before the fire - (noise outside)

Mrs H - Come in William

William Look Mrs Hawthorne that's the old speck-egg?
She's got Daisy again, yes that's her egg -
Looks to me as if she were of the
serving their bodies and keep and keep
down the egg look of Daisy. Look at their
beauties (lays them in her lap)
Yes and I see Daisy. Mrs Hawthorne will
be glad to know that Daisy's got her calf
for sure's you live. When I goes in for
the bare this morning there's the finest
little red heifer snuggled up to her side
and Daisy is a broken up -

(Daisy enters with a tea tray and places
it on a table in front of Mrs Hawthorne, clasping
her eyebrows)

Sure William you better be looking ^{not} up just down
and hope you feel before you come in here
with egg duty just bothering the system with
your own talk (she gathers up the eggs
and flourishes out of the room)

Mrs H - Never mind Sure - William you gave Daisy
the warm stall and didn't forget the
bedding

William Yesum I left her snug as a bug last night

and she is very comfortable now
Mrs H. You remember that Miss Constance
comes home tonight for her holiday
and she is bringing two of her
school friends from the city - Take
the double curtain and the big Bear
Robe -

William I've got them all ready Miss Hawthorne
I've going to give them a city follow the
dream of their young lives - "Then
my little son's going to shine, shine
Then my little son's going to shine

Mrs Hawthorne (Pours out her tea cups & they begin
singing him when looking and they are
singing I hear you a calling to me
all day - "I speak little one you know as
much - to hear (William enters with a cupful
of wood) "Russell is late tonight William
I am expecting a letter" Did you see
him coming down the road when you
were out?

William I've got Miss Hawthorne is you worried
about anything?

Mrs H. Yes William I seem to hear someone
calling me all day

William Tell you that I don't know but I seem to
feel like that myself - I do too Miss
Hawthorne but I suppose it is because she
is all excited over Miss Constance
coming home. As soon as I get powerful
wonder for that little lady. What with running
her mother and helping to raise her
No little thing and teaching her now

to walk. I often think
I better be getting my work done or else
I'll be late for dat train - if I keep thinking
I tried to get a decent amount of
wood but the whole wood pile is
higgledy piggledy since that white
nigger country been a fooler with
it. I'll break every bone in his
body if he comes a-foolin around
this place again

Sarah (Putting her head in the door) Whits dat you
say - You is going to be late for dat
train. I heard a whistle out at
Rockford -

William (Runs worry about the wood) William
go and open the door for Priscilla
and see if she has any mail

Priscilla (Comes in apprehensively) Then goes over
to her trunk
How are you Auntie?

Mrs K. Did you get any mail at the P.O. Rockford
Priscilla No Auntie

Mother - I am thinking all day we should get
some news from the Northland. All day
I have been getting messages from Miss
Russell -

Auntie I'll get Mrs Buchanan at the
Post Office and she wants Constancy
and her friends to go over here for
supper tonight. I am Buchanan

and Kenneth ^{with your permission} are ^{arranging} to take
the girls to Hoggan's after tea -
I told her I am sure you would
allow them to go -

Mrs H that will be very nice - I wonder
if those children have brown waists
clothes to go to Hoggan's with - Persuade
them better go upstairs and look
in the big trunk in the closet of
Constance's old room - you will
find sweaters, buttons and needles
and stockings there - Don't tell
you have a cup of tea - Mrs tell
Susan comes in

Susan - The young ladies will
be along in a few moments have
you some fresh tea and muffins
ready and Susan the young
ladies are going out for supper
so we will not use the big dining room
tonight we will have our supper here.

Bessie is standing behind Mr Hawthorne
with a telegram in her hand and is
about to give it to Mrs Hawthorne when
the door flies open and in comes
Constance throwing her arms around
her grandmother she exclaims

Constance's grandmother darling here we are
now girls did you ever see anything
sweeter than my grandy - that is
Margaret's grandmother Margaret's



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